

In Our Opinion...

Plaintiffs' Stand Made Stronger By Resolution

The recent action of three student organizations — Student Legislature, the Carolina Political Union and the Student Party — concerning the now-pending law suit to rid the University of speaker restriction by the 1963 Speaker Ban Law is to be commended.

We reiterate our position that the court case — an effort to solve a long-touchy problem of the University in a peaceful, civil manner — is the best and only logical fashion by which the issue can be settled once and for all.

During the course of legal proceedings this summer, the State attempted to discredit the plaintiffs' case by arguing that the students who had signed the complaint, identifying themselves as student leaders, did not, indeed, represent the sentiments nor have the support of the members of the organizations they headed.

Student Body President Bob Powell, the State argued, claimed to be the students' representative, yet he had no official endorsement of the students to speak for them

in favor of the suit. CPU President Eric Van Loon likewise had identified himself as the voice of a body whose recorded support did not exist.

The three resolutions in support of the case stand not only as public announcements of these students' dislike for the court case in general, but they significantly strengthen the position of these two plaintiffs as student representatives as we firmly believe them to be.

The legal brief asking for relief from the Speaker Ban Law was introduced March 1 of this year — so long ago that many students might hardly remember it. But the issue is not dead. It cannot die until this law is abolished in all forms, and we hope that when the books are closed on this law suit, such abolition will have been carried out.

We urge other student organizations to follow the example set by Student Legislature, the CPU and the SP by adopting similar resolutions stating publicly their support of this legal effort to gag the Gag Law.

Hats Off To School Spirit

Which came first, the chicken or the egg?

Or, to paraphrase, which came first, the school spirit or the victory?

It's really difficult to tell. But one thing is apparent, we've had a great deal of both around the Hill for the past two weeks. And it's great.

After a disappointing season-opening loss to the University of Kentucky, the Tar Heels bounced back in a thrilling match to defeat the N. C. State Wolfpack here two Saturdays ago.

We'll leave it to the professional sportsmen to analyze the tactical reasons for the UNC victory. Whatever their conclusions, however, we will tack on one of our own theories — student enthusiasm helped.

When the Tar Heels ran onto the field that afternoon, they were greeted by a packed house of UNC students who had already yelled themselves hoarse. Perhaps part of the hoarseness had been picked up the night before when no less than 2,500 students marched through town and assembled in front of the Carolina Theater to cheer the team there.

The tri-captains — Danny Talbott, Hank Sadler and Bob Hume — spoke the feelings of the whole

team when they told the eager students, "This is great. We've never seen anything like it before in Chapel Hill."

No doubt the team was bearing in mind the high level of school spirit in Michigan last Saturday when it turned in a performance that left everybody in Chapel Hill saying, "I've never seen anything like this before!"

And what do you think ran through the team's mind when it found 1,000 excited fans waiting to shout their congratulations when the players returned to Kenan fieldhouse Saturday night.

There are a great many people around the Tarheel state who are convinced that UNC is full of communists—or at least far left politicians—who have nothing in common with their image of a college student.

We hope they'll take note of the old-fashioned brand of school spirit that is running loose on our campus, and then decide whether or not we are normal college kids.

Which came first, the spirit or the victory? Well, it's not our intention to make a public guess. It's sufficient to note that both are here now. We all want them to stay around.

To the cheerleaders, the CAA and the whole student body goes appreciation for creating this pleasant atmosphere.

Issues From Back Issues

(Issues that made the news in The Daily Tar Heel on this date five, 10, 15 and 20 years ago.)

Oct. 5, 1961
University athletic officials announced yesterday that the rule against taking beverages or ice coolers inside Kenan Stadium will be strictly enforced at the football game with Clemson and at all the remaining home games.

Oct. 5, 1956
There is eminent danger that all non-pay phones may be removed from men's dormitories, according to student government officials.

The reason for this threatened removal is that dorm men are placing long distance calls from non-pay phones, tying up lines and causing general confusion at the Durham switchboard.

Oct. 5, 1951
It seems as though there is method in spontaneous passing of resolutions condemning the University's alleged Negro segregation policy by various and sundry student organizations.

All organizations that have passed resolutions will have representatives on hand at 4 p.m. today to meet with Chancellor R. B. House and present the resolutions in one body, according to Henry Bowers, president of the student body.

Oct. 5, 1946
When the Student Legislature convenes Thursday night it will have before it a bill proposing an amendment to the Constitution providing for the election, rather than the present method of self-perpetuation, of members of the Men's Honor Council.

The Daily Tar Heel
74 Years of Editorial Freedom

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Letters To The Editor

DTH Becomes A Whipping Boy

Faunts Goofs

Editor, The Daily Tar Heel: Just a few comments about The Great Fauntleroy's prognostication of Muhlenburg over "Ursinus." He said, "Any team with a name like Ursinus deserves to lose."

Well, the underdog's nomenclature is "Ursinus," not "Ursinius." How do I know? I just happen to be a graduate of Ursinus.

It's difficult enough trying to tell some of the Tar Heels that a college named Ursinus actually exists, let alone explain the proper spelling.

I was just wondering, though, if there is another Muhlenburg team besides the mules and if there is really a team by the name of "Ursinus."

Then, you're correct. Any team with a name like "Ursinus" deserves to lose.

But a team with a name like "Ursinus?" Never!

It probably will, though, because it takes more than a name to win a game.

Arthur G. Hunsberger

Subtle Sarcasm

Editor, The Daily Tar Heel: We wish to commend most heartily Bill Michaux and John Greenbacker for the intrepid position of their writing.

In keeping with the illustrious journalistic tradition founded by David Rothman, Messrs Michaux and Greenbacker are intimidated neither by bias of knowledge nor prejudice of intellect.

Untainted by coherency, their comments on atheism in the schools, on Lester Maddox, and on typographers' editing have provided comic relief for the advertisements.

W. H. Bingham
G. C. Caldwell

Michaux Rates

Editor, The Daily Tar Heel: Bill Michaux is to be congratulated for his satiric rendition of the illogical fears of orthodox Christians concerning the lack of religious propaganda in public schools.

His story of his second-grade encounter with a freethinker

who "sloped through onto our (the grade school) faculty" and undermined his religious faith by the way she ran dodgeball games is an ultimate in tongue-in-cheek editorializing.

Most of all, his testimony of having lost "animal commitment" and gaining the "unusual and frightening individualism" of those who dare to think demonstrates the importance of having one's comfortable but illogical beliefs challenged.

Johnny Daughtry

Fang's Friends

Editor, The Daily Tar Heel: To clear up some of the uncertainty surrounding UNC's "Wonder Dog," called "Fang" by some, the owners are writing this letter.

During the cold and depressive month of November last year, we decided that our apartment needed a dog. Our search for a cute mutt failed to produce a desired companion; so we went to Durham Kennels to look over their selection.

There we first met "Fang," who was about the size as his head is now. He is a registered German Shepherd, so we had to supply a formal name to the American Kennel Club.

Since we could not choose any name already used by a registered shepherd, and not wanting to send in any vulgar name to the AKC, we decided to choose the German name, "Gunther." His last name was "von Kirch-berg," which in a round about translation, means "from Chapel Hill."

His curiosity and body have grown a great deal. Before the State game, we told him that tickets were sold out, but the desire to see his first "home game" got him into Kenan Stadium.

After being returned to our apartment, he decided to party with us on Saturday night, but on Sunday morning he chose to return to campus.

From Jock Lauterer's fine pictorial, we now know where he spent the next two days. He returned to us on a rainy Tuesday morning, without his tag or collar. Since then, we have been careful not to let him wander.

Lauterer's photographs were excellent, and very pleasing to us, because one can easily see "Gunther's" numerous abilities. Knowing his great desire and ingenuity, we realize that he might get away again, and return to his "hones up town."

Call him "Fang" if you want, but please feed him, treat him kindly, and get in touch with us to let us know he's safe.

Jeff Barker
Tom Chewning
Jim Wells

11 Cent Gripe

Editor, The Daily Tar Heel:

My German class was recently obliged to purchase a pamphlet from the campus bookstore entitled "How to Study a Foreign Language." I say that we were "obliged" to purchase the pamphlet, because we were told that we would be quizzed on its contents on Saturday.

Upon closer examination, it was found that this phenomena occurred in many other branches of the languages department, and that the quiz was administered not by individual teachers, but by the languages department.

Though the pamphlet costs only 11 cents, I regarded the entire affair as another money-grabbing scheme, and the following oration was delivered to my German class on Tuesday morning:

"Well well! The eminent Dr. William G. Moulton of Cornell University has published a learned tome on 'How to Study a Foreign Language.'"

"Books and books have been written on the grammar of foreign languages, the syntax of foreign languages, the vocabulary of foreign languages, and even the pronunciation of foreign languages. But Dr. Moulton, secure in his haughty pride

and immeasurable knowledge of French, German, Spanish (and, undoubtedly, Arabic and Chinese!) presumes now to instruct us — the poor dumb sheep — on how to study these languages.

"But how absurd, how posterous — nay! Outrageous! Who on this great globe shall dare set himself up as final arbiter on how to study? Study, an intensely personal and individual affair, is now made a commercial farce by Moulton and his minions — the 'experts' who, unwilling to rest in their ivory towers, have now invaded this area of our private lives to teach us what we should learn ourselves!"

"Does not each student retain the right to study as he sees fit — indeed, does not each student retain the right to study or not to study?"

"But no! Moulton has decided to pronounce the final word — the gospel, so to speak, on how to study: all in one slim pamphlet of four pages, costing only 11 cents. Even the Bible took more words than that, and it was concerned only with morality!"

"One may as well try to write a life of Gandhi, or a history of 'The Rise of the West' as to start out in an attempt to expostulate on 'how to study.'" But Moulton radiates his scholarly rubbish, confidently expecting that we can absorb his own (for such they are) study habits! One may as well try to absorb another's philosophy or morality intact!

"But the greatest fools are not Moulton and all the witless members of his villainous entourage. The real villains of the peace are those in the languages department — those administrators who plunder and pillage the poorer students of their much needed moneys to purchase this absurd trash."

"Not content to leave the mad Moulton alone to babble his nonsensical garbage into a void, the administrators in Dey Hall have taken up the crusade of folly and forced us to buy this pamphlet! So, we are no longer allowed to study as we wish — we must follow department rules."

"Students of foreign languages arise from the muck of your servitude and cast off this abomination. Raise your voices in anger against the monstrous injustice which has been perpetrated on you. Storm the department with a flood of petitions and protests."

"If necessary, carry it to the highest councils of the University — to President Friday himself. You have nothing to lose but your grades."

Subsequent to this call to arms, a petition was circulated around the German class, and the students, in one mind, affixed their signatures to this "Grand Remonstrance."

We are ready to give it to the heads of the German department, and we hope for the overwhelming support of our fellow students in this rebellion. With luck, we may effect revolutionary changes. Thus ever to tyrants.

Michael Hollis

'Yuh See Caleb! That's Why Ah Done Tole You Tuh Be Keerful Whar Yuh Set!'



San Francisco Has Newer Curriculum

Bootblack's Life In Saigon

(Editor's note—This is the first of a series of articles that will attempt to inform the student body about experimental education at various colleges across the country.)

Of the many undergraduate institutions in the nation that are formulating programs for student-directed, student-oriented education, there is perhaps none that has done this so boldly as San Francisco State College.

The whole program came about when student leaders decided the quality of their education and its actual relation to the lives of the students was wanting. In an attempt to reform the curriculum of their school, the students approached professors individually and asked them to define for themselves any type of course they would like to teach.

The faculty members who participated in the program established seminar classes composed of students who took the courses on a volunteer basis.

The results of the program were so successful that credit was soon extended to students participating and the entire system of education at San Francisco State is now being remodeled.

To give an idea of the kinds of things the students are learning about, here are a few listings from the spring,

1966, course listings:

Black Nationalism — The course will study the origin, development and influence of black nationalism as a force in American society. Readings will be selected from works which indirectly set forth basic ideas underlying nationalist ideology, as well as works which deal directly with black nationalist movements and ideology.

Perspectives of Revolution — The purpose of the course will be to describe the components of revolution: analysis of the political, economic and social structures of society; modes of protest against these structures; tactics of destroying outworn power structures and visions of a new society.

Organizing — The course will be a workshop for people involved in some aspect of community organizing. Discussion will focus on methods of bringing together various groups in the community and moving them toward effective social action.

The above courses, and many more like them, have generated a new enthusiasm on the part of students in the concept of education as a whole. The students on this campus might consider the establishment of a similar program.

John Greenbacker

BY THE ASSOCIATED PRESS
Business has never been better for the seemingly endless waves of barefoot urchins who pour out of the back alleys of Saigon's rickety slums each morning to shine the shoes of a nation at war.

The big American troop buildup has filled the stately old colonial city with the constant tramp of out-sized combat boots waiting to be shined. The Vietnamese used to call the French "Long Noses." They call the American big feet.

In his faded camouflage cap — a remnant of the French Foreign Legion — and his even more faded bathing trunks, 9-year-old Tran Van Thien is engagingly plucky of the thousands of puny, plucky kids who roam the streets trying to scrounge a piaster from the fabulously affluent American big feet.

"You Number One!" he exults when he gets 20 piasters (about 17 U. S. cents) or more from the liberal tipping GIs, most of them combat troops fresh from the jungles for a few days of rest and recreation.

But if the price is wrong Thien lets them have it in sidewalk English more scorching than the noonday pavements.

"You cheap Charlie," he scorns, "You Number 10" — the ultimate in Vietnamese invective — forgetting that most of his countrymen would never dream of paying more than

five piasters for a shine. The day for Thien begins with a torrid delta sun streaming down through the tall palm trees along Chieu Street in the slum district of Khanh Hoi.

Like thousands of other waifs, he makes his way to the heart of the city, two-and-a-half miles away, with its air-conditioned hotels and fine French restaurants, and begins his daily rounds.

By evening, the big shoes on the big feet have brought him 200 piasters, maybe more. A big, fiery ball of tropical sun is slipping into the Saigon River, and Thien is tired. He tucks his homemade shoeshine box under his arm, wraps his other arm around a friend, and heads for home.

In this respect, life for Thien is something less than

typical. Home for him, luckily, isn't an abandoned sewer pipe along the waterfront, or the doorway of a rundown warehouse. He lives in a regular house, with bamboo matted walls and a thatched roof, which is more than thousands of Saigon's barefooted little businessmen can say.

LETTERS

The Daily Tar Heel accepts all letters to the editor for publication provided they are typed and double-spaced. We reserve the right to edit for libelous statements.

The Shrink

When there is nothing left of a man,
He must hate.
Love and laughter come from the heart
Of whole humans.
Hate is a poison;
A poison which once injected
May only be removed by the tones
Of one who knows—
At a nominal fee of course.

—Mark Steinberg